

NUMBER 37. 38

The Yankee Blade tells the following: "What shall I help you to?" inquired a young lady of a modest youth at the breakfast table. "A wife," was the quick reply. The young lady blushed, perhaps indignantly, and it is said that the kindly smiles of a neighboring clergyman were requisite to reconcile the parties.

"Dabzon, you thought the defendants slightly instructed when you were at the bar?"

"Brother," he replied in a low tone, "I think the best of them, but I think that his brick house is a little too high on his list."











## Farmers' Department.

## BLOODING STOCK.

ON AN INFLUENCE AFFECTING THE FUTURE OF BLOOD IN STOCK.

The breeding of stock, especially animals of high and pure blood, is daily attracting an increasing attention from the scientific and enlightened agriculturist; and, when the farmer succeeds in obtaining animals possessing the qualities sought for, he is not only enabled to produce more valuable and profitable stock, but also to improve the quality of his own stock, and to secure a better and more certain future for his animals, of which he is the proprietor. It is not only the blood of the animal, but also the blood of the soil, that is the basis of the farmer's success. It is the blood of the soil that is the basis of the farmer's success. It is the blood of the soil that is the basis of the farmer's success.

All are agreed to rely upon experience, and it is not allowed that in this matter there has been a considerable improvement in the blood of the soil. It is the blood of the soil that is the basis of the farmer's success. It is the blood of the soil that is the basis of the farmer's success. It is the blood of the soil that is the basis of the farmer's success.

But the English agriculturist seems to understand the cause of these failures, and of course how to avoid them; and it will be well if this information were more generally disseminated in this country.

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very mention several instances, and among them the following:

A pure Aberdeen heifer was served with a pure Teeswater bull, to whom she had a first cross calf. The following season the cow was served to a pure Aberdeen bull; the produce was a cross calf, which at two years old had very long horns, the parents both hornless. A pure Aberdeen shire cow was served in 1845, with a cross bull; i. e., an animal produced between a first cross cow and a pure Teeswater bull. To this bull she had a cross calf. Next season she was served with a pure Aberdeen shire bull; the calf was quite a cross in shape and color.

After citing other examples with a similar result, Mr. McGillivray says: "Many more instances might be cited, did time permit. Among cattle and horses, it is of every day occurrence."

Dr. Harvey also records many cases with like results as having occurred in the human family; but it is not thought best to include them in this paper. This mode of impairing the purity of blood in animals, has been styled *crossing the system of the mother*; and it is supposed that the reason why so many inferior animals are to be met with, the progeny of parents of pure lineage, is almost wholly owing to the blood of the mother having been previously contaminated by the cross-breed young she has carried.

Of the *modus operandi* of this contamination, there is no explanation given which is generally satisfactory; but it seems probable to the writer of this, that inasmuch as the same blood must circulate through the veins of both mother and offspring, that the system of the dam becomes thus modified and rendered in a greater or less degree similar to her mongrel young.

It is hoped that the reader will excuse the length of this article, on account of the importance of the subject; and also because of the novelty of the facts—this being the second instance, so far as has come to the knowledge of the writer, that it has been treated of by the agricultural journals of this country, an article from the same pen having been published last year in the American Agriculturist—C. H. CLEVELAND, M. D.—Albany Cultivator.

## SAVE THE BEST SEEDS.

The season has arrived when some of the seeds are ripe, and a little care is necessary in their preservation, not only to secure them from waste, but to preserve only the best for future sowing. Farmers never think of raising a penny, badly formed calf, pig or lamb to be kept as a breeder, but make all animals pass the scrutiny of a severe judgment before they decide to propagate from them. The preservation of early, large and perfect seeds for continuing crops is no less important than that of retaining the most thrifty and best-formed animals.

A gentleman in Maryland gathered the earliest and largest heads of wheat from a field, and sowed them, gathering the best and earliest of their produce and sowing again, and continued the process three or four years. In a recent visit to that State, we collected some heads which are now hanging by us, and measure, beard and all, 10 inches in length; the grain heads being 5 inches.

This wheat is known by the name of *code wheat*, taking the name of the gentleman who had by his pains increased the quantity and quality so much.

We cut the sample before us from the farm of Thomas Blagden, Esq., of Washington, one of the best cultivators in that region, and who is setting the Marylanders a fine example.

A gentleman in Essex county went through a similar process with onion seed, until seed of his raising readily sold for \$4 a pound, while common seed was selling at 50 cents. The great improvement in the crop from these seeds justified the cultivator in paying this price.

In our farm stock, there are always some who grow up rapidly and strong, taking the lead in health and vigor from the first. It is so with plants. A proper consideration has not been given to this fact.

There will be a succession of seeds coming to maturity until the Indian corn harvest is over, and we are confident that more attention to this point will give us better crops hereafter.—N. E. Farmer.

The time for putting up your hogs intended for bacon, will soon be at hand, and we would advise those who wish to fatten their hogs on two-thirds the usual quantity of food, to provide them with covered, warm pens.

## Humorous Reading.

## THE YANKEE AT A MODERN HOTEL.

Some weeks ago, a very long, brown, downy Easter, attired in one of those costumes which are nowhere to be met with except on the stage, a tall bell-crowned white hat, short waist blue coat, with enormous puffed buttons, a vest as "yellow" as a barberry blossom, and a pair of corduroys whose highest ambition seemed to be to maintain the ascendancy over a pair of enormous cowhides that had trodden many a hundred miles of logging path, might have been seen "jack-knife and shingle in hand, winding his way up Long Wharf, in the realization of his life-long anticipations of 'seeing' Boston. At the corner of Merchants' Row, his progress was arrested by the lumbering

transit of a two-story house, drawn by half a dozen yoke of oxen, with the people inside pursuing their usual avocations.

"What on earth is this?" he asked of a bystander.

"Oh, nothing," replied the "towny," "the folks are only moving, that's all."

"When we move down here, we do it house and all."

"Jerusalem! Wall, that 'ere beats all natur. Well cap'n, what's that 'ere big stun house over the left?"

"That's the new Custom House. It's a mighty bad location, but they are going to move it next week."

"Thunder and molasses! I'll take all the oxen in creation to start her."

"Oh, they use elephants for such large buildings."

"And how many elephants will it take?"

"Upwards of a hundred."

The Yankee cut a deep gash in his shingle and walked on.

He next inquired for the Adams' House, for he had "heard tell" of that, and was determined to progress during juvenility, aware of the impossibility of doing so at a more advanced age.

"He soon found the 'tavern' and the 'doosan,' and ordered accommodation, liberally, 'darning the expenses. Having 'sliced up,' a little, he witnessed, with some amazement, the operation of a servant upon the

gong, simply remarking, that "he know'd what sheet lifting was, but this was the first time he'd ever heard of sheet thunder." He followed the crowd into the dining hall, and was ushered to a seat, where he consoled himself, tucking his towel under his chin with a sort of desperation, as if he was going to be shaved or scalped.

The sight of the covered dishes added to his amazement. "Dod darn it!" he exclaimed, "as I ever heard of cookin' on the table! but here they've gone and set tin kitchens all over the lot. What's the fire to come from I'd kinder like to know?"

He got along with his soup very well, and was passing for breath, before he finished it, when a waitersnatched it away and was running off with it.

"Hello, you, sir!" vociferated the Yankee, "I see you. Fetch that 'ere back, quicker'n lightning, or you'll hev yer head punched."

His plate was returned, and he finished his soup with dignity. After waiting a moment he raised his voice again, and summoned the offending waiter sternly.

"Kalkolate to starve me?"

"No, sir."

"Wall—why don't you fetch on some fresh fodder, dam it?"

"There's the carts, sir!"

"Where's the carts? And what in the thunder am I to do with the carts when I hev got it? Look out, yer pinky serpent, or yer'll ketch it."

"The bill of fare."

"I don't pay my bill till I've had my fodder."

The waiter humbly explained his meaning.

"What's all these crack jaw names mean? Give me something plain and hearty—billed corn beef—and fetch it about the quickest, while I look over the paper, and see what else I'll hev."

The meat was brought him. "Hold on!" was the next order. "What's this 'ere? M-a-a—read it, won't you, sir?"

"Macaroni, sir."

All right, Cap'n. Hurry it up. The dish was brought.

"Yer eternal cuss!" roared the downy Easter, "if I had'n't got a mind to kernallop yer, and make an example of yer on the spot. What do yer mean by running yer rigs on me just because I am a stranger in these parts? Take away yer bilged pipe stems and fetch us some cabbage. That's right. And now some vinegar."

"Vinegar's in the cellar, sir," replied the waiter, and made good his retreat.

"In the cellar is it—hey?" soliloquized the Yankee; "and where in the thunder is the cellar?"

The gentleman opposite pushed it toward him. He looked at it, and taking up the castor by the bottom, turned it up, but all followed the law of gravity, and leaped from their locations, and the Yankee was compelled to sit it down again.

"Jerusalem!" he exclaimed. "This 'ere is a curious contrivance, and no mistake. How on 'arth am I to get at that tarmal vinegar? I'll try it once more."

Again he centered the castor, but this time all the stopples tumbled out.

"Thunderation!" he roared, "here's a pretty mess. Darn it all, here I've got the castor oil in my gravy, and the darned red lead on my cabbage, and the yellor on my tater. Darn the thing, I say."

"My friend," said the gentleman opposite, with a strong control over his mischievous muscles "it appears to me that if I were in want of vinegar, I would take the vinegar cruet out of the stand, and by that means should avoid all trouble."

Here the whole company, waiters and all burst into a convulsive fit of laughter. The Yankee rose in a rage, upsetting his chair, and glaring defiance on his neighbor.

"How in the name of all tarmal cusses in creation," he yelled, "should I know anything about the way the darned thing worked, when I never seed one on 'em afore? You've hatched this up agin me—I know it. What's the Landlord! Fetch your bill on—I'll get out of this. I hain't eat ten cents worth, but I'll pay up like a book, and cuss

and quit. And if ever I set out to eat a meal of vittles in Boston town again; ye may take my hide and tan it. Darn your castors and castor ile and you too, one and all!"

And flinging down a dollar on the table, he seized his castor ile from the hands of a trembling waiter and vanished. Down Washington and State Streets he streaked like a comet, and never slackened his pace till he pulled up on board of the Kenebec.

"Cap'n," said he to the commander, "cast off your line just as quick as you're a mind to—so, and if you catch me waiting to see Boston agin, jist take me by the slack and throw me into that 'ere-biller, boots and all—by gravity."

## A WHISPER TO GENTLEMEN.

BY FANNY FERN.

Ammon! don't I wish I was a man, just to show the masculines how to play their part in the world a little better! In the first place there ain't a mother's son of you that has got as far as ABC in the art of making love, (and I've seen a few abortions in that way myself, as well as the rest of the sisters.) What woman wants to be told that "her feet and eyes are pretty," or "her form and smile bewitching?" Just as if she didn't know all her fine points as soon as she is tall enough to peep into a looking glass!

No, you ineffable donkey, if you must use the small coin of flattery to pay toll at the bridge of her affections, let me whisper a secret in your long ears. Compliment her upon some mental attraction she does not possess, (if you can find one,) and don't wear the knees of your pet pants thread-bare at her feet, trying to make her believe that she is your first love. We all know that is among the things that were, after you were out of your jacket and trousers.

What a splendid husband I (Fanny) should make, to be sure! had Providence only ordained it! Do you suppose when the mother of my glorious boys wanted a sixpence to buy their shoe strings, I'd scowl at her like a hyena, and pull my portemonnaie out of my pocket as if I were drawing a tooth? Do you suppose when her blue eyes grew lustreless, and the rose paled on her fair cheek, trotting round the domestic treadmill day after day, that I'd come at night sulky and silent, and smoke my segar in her face till her eyes were as red as a rabbit's? or take myself off to a club or a game at nice pins, or any other game and leave her to the exasperating relaxation of darning my stockings?

Do you suppose I'd trot along like a loose pony at her side in the street, and leave her to keep up with me or not as her strength would permit? Do you suppose I'd fly in to a passion and utter words to crush the life from out her young heart, and then insult her by offering a healing plaster in the shape of a new bonnet? And don't you suppose when the anniversary of our wedding day came around, I'd write a dainty little note and leave it on her toilet table, to let her know I was still a married lover?

Pshaw! I'm sick of you all! You don't deserve the love of a generous, high-souled woman! If you want a housekeeper, hire one and be done with it. If you want a wife—but you don't.

One woman will answer as well as another to sew your bottoms and straps and strings, and make your puddings and—so on and so forth.

Do you suppose we have cultivated our minds and improved the bright and glorious gift of intellect, to the best of our capacity, to minister only to your physical wants? Not a bit of it! When that's over, we want something rational. Do you ever, think of that, you selfish wretch! when you sit with your feet upon the mantelpiece reading the newspapers all to yourself, or sit from ten till ten o'clock staring the ash as in the grate out of countenance?

Lord Harry! If I had such a block of a husband, I'd scare up the ghost of a lover somewhere, if there's any wit in woman!

## Olive Branch.

## COURTESHIP OF A BASHFUL CLERGYMAN.

The Rev. John Brown, of Haddington, the well known author of the "Self Interpreting Bible," was a man of bashfulness. In token of this statement, it need only be stated that his courtship lasted seven years. Six years and a half passed away, and the reverend gentleman had got no further forward than he had been the first six days. This state of things was intolerable. A step in advance must be made, and Mr. Brown summoned all his courage for the deed.

"Janet," said he, as they sat down in solemn silence, "we've been acquainted now for six years and an' air, and ne'er gotten a kiss yet. D'ye think I might tak one, my bonnie girl?"

"Just as you like, John, only be becoming and proper wi' it."

"Surely, Janet, we'll ask a blessing."

The blessing was asked, the kiss was taken, and the worthy divine, perfectly overpowered with the blissful sensation, most rapturously exclaimed—

"Oh, woman! but it is gude! We'll return thanks."

Six months made the pious couple man and wife; and "and," added his descendant, who humorously told the tale, "a happier couple never spent a long and useful life together."

## CHESTER DISTRICT BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

## Town Council.

DAVID PINCHBACK, *Intendant.*

W. T. Robson, T. J. Danforth, John McKee, Jr., A. H. Drayton, E. Elliott, Clerk, Wm. Walker, Marshal.

MEETINGS—First Saturday in every month, at candlelight.

## District Officers.

John Danforth, Jr., Sheriff, John McKee, Jr., Clerk of Court, Peter Wiley, Ordinary, Jas. A. Thomas, Tax Collector, James Hemphill, Comm'r. in Equity, John Charles, Coroner, James Graham, Exciseur.

## Magistrates.

J. A. Williamson, James B. McGill, Moses McKee, David Jackson, John G. B. Gill, James A. Lewis, Richard H. Fudge, J. C. Kirkpatrick, John Davis, Abraham Gibson, John Ferguson, James S. Turner.

## Commissioners of Roads.

EASTERN BOARD. DANIEL G. STINSON, *Chairman.* D. R. Stinson, Robert Douglas, Cathbert Harrison, James Atkinson, J. G. Backstrom, Ralph McAdams, C. Caldwell, Secretary, W. E. Kelley, Treasurer.

MEETINGS—Second Monday in March and June; and last Monday in October, at Rich Hill. Joint meeting with Western Board, first Monday in January, at Chester C. H.

## WESTERN BOARD.

DR. ELI CORNWELL, *Chairman.* Coleman Crosby, Richard Woods, Stephen Manning, John Cornwell, Solomon Moore, James Atkinson, Eckel Sankler, Robert S. Hope, Moses S. Harlin.

MEETINGS—Second Monday in March, June, and November, at Chester C. H. Joint meeting with Eastern Board, first Monday in January, at Chester C. H.

## Commissioners of Poor.

ISAAC M'FADDEN, *Chairman.* David N. Harlin, Wm. Corwell, Jr., W. T. Gilmore, Alex. W. Smith, D. N. Harlin, Secretary and Treasurer, F. A. Harlin, Superintendent of Poor, Meetings—Last Saturday in every month, at the Poor House.

## Commissioners of Free Schools.

JOHN ROSSBOROUGH, *Chairman.* Wm. D. Henry, James Drennan, Richard H. Fudge, G. G. Robinson, Chas. T. Seale, Nicholas Colvin, Wm. D. Henry, Sec'y and Treasurer.

MEETINGS—Fourth Monday in January, April, July and October.

REGULATIONS.—Each Teacher is required to keep a book, and enter correctly therein the number of days that each scholar attends his school. The scholastic year consists of 240 days.

A Teacher, on presenting his claim to the Board, shall produce a certificate, signed by at least two respectable citizens, residing in the vicinity of the School, that he has faithfully discharged his duty as a Teacher, and that the scholars set forth in his account are never recipients of the Free School Fund.

The Chairman and Secretary have power to issue drafts on the Treasurer, and pay Teachers, who present their claims in due form, when the school has been reported and located by the Board.

## Commissioners of Public Buildings.

JOHN ROSSBOROUGH, *Chairman.* Samuel McAlley, John Bennett, Matthew Williams, John McKee, Jr., Wm. D. Henry, John S. Wilson, Wm. McDonald, S. Alexander, S. McAlley, Secretary, J. Rossborough, Treasurer.

Commissioners to Approve Public Bonds. Thomas McLure, Wm. D. Henry, N. R. Eaves, H. C. Bradley, James Hemphill.

## Notary Public.

Robert B. Caldwell, G. R. Montgomery, Jr., James Hemphill, C. D. Mills, Joe. J. McLure, J. Y. Milne, James McCalister, Daniel G. Stinson.

## Bank Agencies, at Chester C. H.

Bank of the State of South Carolina, H. C. Bradley, Agent.

Planter's &amp; Mechanic's Bank of South Carolina, W. D. Henry, Agent.

Union Bank of South Carolina, John A. Bradley, Agent.

Commercial Bank of Columbia, S. C. McLure &amp; Harris, Agents.

## Post Offices.

Names. Postmasters. Chester, C. H., Wm. Walker. Blackstock, D. J. Fant. Springwell, Elijah Cornwell. Chasnut Grove, J. B. Lewis. Lewisville, J. B. McGill. Landford, Robert Cherry. Cedar Shoals, J. A. H. Gaston. Beckhamville, Wm. Anderson. Rosdenville, D. R. Stevenson. Hartsdenville, David Moffat. Torbit's Store, Samuel McCaw. Hallsville, Charles Harro. Crosbyville, Coleman Crosby. Carmel Hill, J. W. Estes. Pat's Run, David Moffat. Chalkville, Col. H. Chalk. Tombsville, Wm. McCraigh. Wallace, Job Russell. La Grange, Jacob F. Strait.

Those marked (\*) are supplied with a daily mail, being on the line of the Rail Road. Those marked (†) are supplied tri-weekly by stage. The others have only a weekly mail.

## PLANTERS' &amp; MECHANICS' HOTEL.

THE undersigned having taken charge of the House recently occupied by Wm. M. McDowell, and which was for many years known as the Public House, is now fully prepared to accommodate.

## TRAVELERS AND BOARDERS.

In the best style the market will warrant, and in the most reasonable terms. His house is in the business part of the town, is large and commodious, and supplied with experienced and attentive servants.

His tables are well arranged and under the care of experienced Hostlers.

## DROVERS.

can be accommodated with convenient lots, and with every thing necessary for their stock, on reasonable terms.

HENRY LETSON. 1-1f

## Swedish Iron &amp; Moulds.

A LARGE LOT, just received and for sale by BRAWLEY &amp; ALEXANDER.

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